The World.

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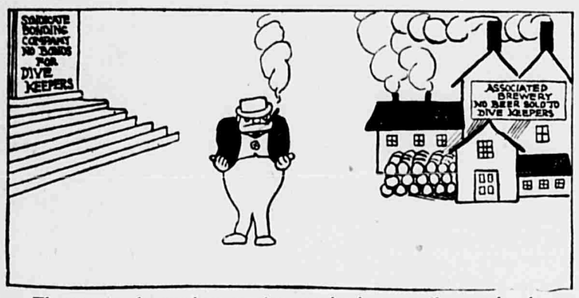
TO ELIMINATE DIVES.

COMMON SENSE move of the brewers is to undertake themselves the work of eliminating dives and low-class saloons. The New York State Lager Beer Association has made an agreement with the bonding companies by which the brewers will refuse beer and the bonding companies will not give bonds to disreputable liquor sellers. A committee of the brewers is to act with a committee from the bonding companies to that end.

This is the most sensible proposition which has been broached in this city for the lessening of the evils of alcoholic drink. It is for the interest of the brewers, the bonders and the mass of humanity.

The strength of the prohibition movement comes not so much from total abstainers themselves as from people who see no other remedy for dives and low-grade saloons. In the South, where the prohibition movement has most of its strength, many prohibition votes came from men who drink themselves, but want to keep liquor from the negro laborers. Most of the crime in the South came from negroes buying vile liquor at saloons and dives, and the low white men who frequented these places.

Attempts have been often made by law to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquor to men who get drunk, to keep liquor out of disorderly neighborhoods and to restrict its use to those who do not abuse it, but the money to be made in running dives has had a corrupting political effect, and none of these attempts has been successful.



The people who can best regulate any business are the people who are in it and know all about it. If brewers will not sell beer to dives and prevent any of their customers reselling to divekeepers, the elimination of the beer dive is easy. If bonding companies will refuse to bond a disreputable liquor-seller he will either have to furnish his own real estate bond or go out of business entirely. The losses of the bonding companies through the forfeiture of licenses for Excise law violations have convinced them that no premium rate, however high, will compensate for a bad risk.

Every reputable saloon-keeper knows that there is no profit in drunken trade. One intoxicated man will make such a nuisance of himself as to drive a dozen sober customers somewhere else. The money gained by selling a man two or three drinks more than he should have is lost ten times over by the departure of the other men who will not associate with an offensive drunken man. Also the man who spends all he earns in a saloon is of little financial profit to any saloon-keeper, because he earns so little to spend and becomes an incubus on the place.

The saloons which make the most money are not those which keep open the longest hours, but the popular places which have a large high-grade trade. Such places will not tolerate a drunken or disorderly man on the premises.

Considering what a big and populous country the United States is, there is not so much intoxicating liquor sold per capita, but some men drink a great deal more than they should and some places are conducted in a manner that brings the whole liquor business into disrepute.

If the sale of liquor were conducted like the sale of boots or shoes or of cigars, or of groceries, where no man is allowed to buy more than he can pay for, or is permitted to use profanity or obscene language while making his purchase, there would come a change over saloon-keepers and their customers which would surprise both of them.

A Lovely Luncheon.

By Maurice Ketten.

Nothing Can Beat the Comforts of Home for a Man, Say the Wives, But Mr. Jarr Differs With Them After Staying Home One Night.

By Roy L. McCardell.

"I SUPPOSE, now that you've had your supper, you're going right out, and I won't see anything more of you till after midnight?" said Mrs. Jarr.

"You've another guess coming, old lady," said Mr. Jarr. "Me for all the comforts of home this evening."

"We are highly honored, I'm sure," said Mrs. Jarr, with a sniff. "There are two lovely little children in this house it might interest you to meet."

As the said two lovely children Mrs. Jarr meant were the two who now were playing horse all over Mr. Jarr, that gentleman only blinked and said: "Oh, come now, be good! You're always kicking if I'm not home, and when I am home you act as if you wanted to get rid of me."

"The idea!" said Mrs. Jarr. "The idea! I'm sure that's a guilty conscience speaking now."

"Say, popper," said the little boy, "kin I smoke when I grow up and drink beer?"

Mrs. Jarr cast up her eyes and sighed. "There he is!" she said. "You should be proud of that child, Mr. Jarr, he's like you in every way! In every single way!"

"And I suppose this isn't mamma's girl, with every inherited instinct rampant?" said Mr. Jarr, as he clutched his little girl by the wrist as her hand came out of his pocket with some loose change tightly clutched.

"Dimme fi' cents!" wailed the little girl. "I want fi' cents to buy tandy!"

Mrs. Jarr came over with a flushed face and seized the little girl. "Go get ready for bed," she cried. "Get ready for bed, Emma, and you, too, Willie, you annoy your father! Your father can't see anything in his children except something to mock!" Then to Mr. Jarr: "You should be ashamed of yourself, talking that way in front of the children. Besides, the little thing didn't know any better."

"Her mother does," said Mr. Jarr, "and, anyway, I was only joking. She can keep the money."

"She shall not!" said Mrs. Jarr, emphatically. "Give that money back to your father instantly, Emma!" So saying Mrs. Jarr took the money from the little girl and kept it herself, muttering something to the effect that she needed some change to pay the milk bill in the morning. Whereat the little girl began to wail loudly and the boy to object vigorously as Mrs. Jarr led them both off to bed.

When she came back Mr. Jarr was stretched out on the sofa, looking sleepily at a book.

"Now, I suppose," said Mrs. Jarr, as she sat down and took a basket of stockings to mend, "now I suppose you'll be falling to sleep?"

"Why, no, my dear, I wasn't thinking of such a thing," said Mr. Jarr, yawning.

"This is the way it is every night when you do stay home!" said Mrs. Jarr, peevishly. "Much good I get out of your company I'm sure. After you've eaten your supper you yawn around and then fall asleep. You used to keep wide awake enough when you were calling on me before we were married. You'd stay and stay and stay till all hours and never bat an eye, and now you can't be alone with me for five minutes without falling to sleep. Pleasant company, I'm sure!"

"What are you kicking at?" asked Mr. Jarr, drowsily. "Want me to get up and do a skirt dance? Want me to stand on my head? Want me to sing you a popular song? Want me to"— here Mr. Jarr gaped again and didn't finish the sentence.

"I'd like you to do anything except fall asleep and snore on the sofa!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "Much comfort your wife and family get out of YOUR being home!"

"I'm here, ain't I?" drowsed Mr. Jarr. "The children have gone to bed and that's comfort for them, and you are jawing at me and that's comfort for you. Hi hum!" And Mr. Jarr was off to the Land of Nod.

"There now!" said Mrs. Jarr, laying down the basket of undarned stockings. "Thank goodness he's asleep at last, and so are the children. I'll run in to see Mrs. Kittingly and find out whether she is really engaged to get married, or if it's another false alarm!" And she tiptoed out of the room.

When Bill Thinkuvit Comes Home at Night.

By F. G. Long.

Letters from the People.

Wants Cure for Laziness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have a boy of seventeen who will not work and who cannot tell the truth. He is a big, healthy boy. Can any experienced reader tell me what to do?

N. Y., Feb. 26, 1908. MRS. C.

The Clerk Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent writes: "A man went to three stores. He said to the first clerk: 'If you will give me so much money as I have I will spend $3 here.' The clerk of the first store gave it to him, the second did the same, then the third, and then the man had nothing left. How much did he have at the first store?" I say $3 is what he gave in at the last store and had nothing left. Therefore, $1.50×2=4.50+2=$2.25—what he had at the second store. Hence $2.25+$3=$5.25+2=$2.62 1-2—what he had when he went to the first store. JOSEPH.

Arthur Conan Doyle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who is the author of the "Sherlock Holmes" stories? H. U. M.

Remedy for Incivility.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been told by high officials of various street railroads, &c., that if a reputable person complains to the company that an employee (conductor, guard, motorman, &c.) has been grossly uncivil, the offender will be discharged or suspended. I have noted of late that many old gentlemen as well as many women are the victims of rude, insolent speech from conductors. If these people would complain or if other passengers would do so, there would speedily be less rudeness and impertinence from these employees. Of course every self-respecting passenger should invite politeness by politeness. But when in such cases insolence is offered the offender should suffer.

Mrs. W. P. J.

Another Age Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In ten years' time A's age will be twice B's present age, at that time B's age will be four times A's present age. When will A be as old as B is now?

G. NOLE.

The Price of Milk.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I see the price of milk has dropped from nine cents a quart to its old high price of eight cents. But cream has not dropped yet in price. At least, not at any of the places where I made inquiry. Why not, readers? If milk is cheaper, why not cream? Or is it as the famous Joe Struble, of Dover, used to say: "You can't expect to get much cream off of cheap milk." J. H. L.

At the Astor Library.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there a public library where I can see magazines? V. L.

The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 39—THOMAS'S "MIGNON."

MIGNON

SPERATA, only daughter of Lotario, an Italian nobleman, was stolen in childhood by a band of gypsies. Her father, crazed by grief, abandoned home and wealth, and for years travelled all over the world as a wandering minstrel in hopeless search of the missing child.

Lotario in his mad ramblings found himself one day in the courtyard of a German inn. A crowd of villagers were assembled, waiting the arrival of Chief Giarno and his band of gypsies, who were encamped beyond the town. On a balcony above the yard lounged Filina and Laertes, two members of a strolling theatrical troupe. Giarno and his gypsies appeared. In response to the crowd's demands for entertainment Giarno announced that his cleverest performer, Mignon, would dance for them. Rudely he dragged a pretty girl from a wagon where she lay sleeping on a bed of straw. She was worn out and ill and wearily refused Giarno's demand for a dance. In rage, the gypsy chief picked up a stick and was about to bring it down across her shoulders when old Lotario, breaking through the crowd, threw himself between the girl and her tormentor.

Lotario did not recognize Mignon as the lost Sperata, but was moved by her helplessness to interfere in her behalf. Giarno brutally hurled the weak old man to one side, and again, with upraised stick, rushed at the trembling Mignon. But a second protector came to the victim's rescue. Guglielmo, a rich travelling student, had paused at the inn for refreshment. Taking in the situation at a glance, he whipped out a pistol and cowed the gypsy bully into submission. Giarno and his band slunk away, lashed by the student's scornful words; and Mignon, gratefully giving Guglielmo the bouquet of wild flowers she carried, sought refuge from the angry gypsies in a nearby shed.

Filina, the actress in the balcony, was attracted by Guglielmo's pluck and good looks. She came forward now and, introduced by Laertes, fell into talk with the student. The susceptible youth promptly fell head over heels in love with the actress. When the others had gone Mignon timidly stole out of the shed and approached her rescuer to thank him for the service he had rendered. Guglielmo questioned the girl, but she could tell him little of her past save that she remembered in early childhood a lovely land where the citron bloomed, where summer was eternal. He recognized the country as Italy. In the midst of her conversation Giarno stalked forward to drag Mignon away. Guglielmo, out of sudden compassion, bought the unhappy girl from the gypsy to save her from future ill treatment. Lotario, unconsciously drawn to Mignon, begged her to accompany him on his wanderings. But she elected to remain, disguised as a boy, to wait on her new master, Guglielmo.

Baron Rosenberg, head of the neighboring castle (and uncle to Frederic, a jealous young noble, who vainly wooed Filina), invited the actors to give a performance at his castle. They accepted, and Guglielmo followed them there, first presenting to Filina the bunch of wild flowers Mignon had given him. With horror Mignon all at once realized that she herself adored the student and that he loved the actress. • • •

While Filina was waiting, in a suite of the castle set apart for her use, for the performance to begin, Guglielmo, followed by Mignon, entered her boudoir. Oblivious of the gypsy girl's presence, the student made ardent love to Filina. The latter ordered him, as test of his devotion, to dismiss Mignon from his service. He carelessly agreed. The poor girl tried in many pathetic ways to win her master's fancy, but she was powerless against the actress's mature wiles. Frederic, in a spasm of jealousy, challenged Guglielmo to a duel. The combatants were separated. Guglielmo, in obedience to Filina, told Mignon she must leave him. In despair the unhappy gypsy maid was about to kill herself when old Lotario wandered in. She turned to him for comfort, and in a burst of rage declared she wished the castle were burned to the ground. Lotario, half crazed as he was, sought to please her by setting fire to the building.

The performance over, the guests were gathered in the gardens when the castle was discovered to be in flames. Filina mockingly bade Mignon go into the burning conservatory and fetch forth the bouquet she had dropped. Mignon, before her master could stay her, obeyed. Guglielmo, his better nature somewhat belatedly aroused, dashed in through the fire as the walls fell and carried her senseless in his arms to a place of safety. • •

Guglielmo bore the badly injured Mignon back to Italy, thinking the air of her native land might restore her to health. He rented, for her convalescence, an old deserted castle on the shores of Lake Como. To Lotario, who had accompanied them, the place seemed strangely familiar. As soon as Mignon was well enough to see him again Guglielmo begged her forgiveness and confessed that he had at last learned to love her above all the world. She was in rapture at the student's words and threw herself into his arms.

The lover's ecstasy was rudely broken in upon by the voice of Filina outside the castle. The actress, unwilling to let so rich a prize slip through her fingers, had followed Guglielmo to Italy. At the dreaded sound of her rival's voice Mignon swooned. Guglielmo would not permit Filina to enter. As he was reviving Mignon the aged Lotario hurried in. On returning to his former home the madman's brain had cleared. He remembered that he was lord of the castle and resumed his rights as a nobleman of Italy.

From a casket Lotario produced a bracelet and prayerbook, relics of his lost daughter Sperata. Mignon at once recognized the relics. Memory of her childhood's days flashed back upon her. Father and daughter, thus strangely reunited, embraced in rapture, and Lotario gave solemn blessing to his new-found child's union with Guglielmo.

The story of "Dinorah" will be published Saturday.

The Chemistry of Woman's Hat.

By Chevreul, the Famous Chemist.

PARIS has been weighing gravely and solemnly the dicta of Chevreul, the famous chemist, whose opinions on the subject of the colors permissible in women's hats, propounded some time ago, have only just been published to a breathless world. Being a scientist, the great Chevreul, of course, speaks ex cathedra; that is, with the air of finality which most stirs in woman's tender bosom the instinct for manslaughter.

"Avoid," he tells women in an article in the Philadelphia North American, "as you would being handed the lemon, hats of yellow and orange hue. Be wary of the violet hat, unless you have lovely golden hair or sense enough to trim the lower side of the brim with some shade of yellow.

"A black hat with plumes or with white or pink flowers should be worn by blondes. While not unbecoming to brunettes, the effect is not so pleasing. Brunettes could add flowers or plumes of orange or yellow.

"A white hat is becoming only to a pink-and-white complexion, whether hair and eyes be those of blonde or brunette; as for hats in gauze, crepe or tulle, they go with all complexions."

Which is true enough, for gauzy, airy fabrics soften all of nature's too-strident tints; but, just the same, a brunette, according to our canons of taste, looks lovely in a white hat which has a black facing to shade her fascinating, sparkling eyes.

He does fairly well with the easy problem: "A white hat for a blonde maybe decorated with pink flowers or blue ones; while brunettes should avoid blue, preferring red, pink or even the risky orange. While the light blue hat is becoming to the blonde type, it may be ornamented with yellow or orange flowers, but never with pink or violet.

"The brunette who is bold enough to don a light blue hat, must be sure to use orange or yellow accessories; while the green hat is becoming to white complexions or to those but slightly pink.

"As for the pink hat, it should never be brought close to the skin. It ought to be separated by a garniture of white or green.

"And finally, the red hat is advisable only for those whose faces are too highly colored."

How to Cure Yourself of Drinking.

By Dr. John D. Quackenbos.

AN alcoholic addict, actuated by a sincere desire to break the shackles of the despotism and go forth with capacity for the higher joys of life, is urged to think persistently as he is falling asleep in lines like these:

"Whiskey is unnecessary to my physical well-being; it is creating structural changes in vital organs; it is destroying my mentality and blunting my moral sensibility. I do not need it, and shall no longer use it either in mere bravado or to hide from my vision conditions that are insufferable. I shall depend absolutely on the units of energy legitimately manufactured out of nutritious food, good air, exercise and sleep. I am done with alcohol once and forever. The appetite for it is destroyed in my being and I no longer admit capacity for temptation. From this hour it shall be impossible for me either to desire or to take a drink for any conceivable reason. I do not want it. I do not need it. I shall not miss it."

Sherlock Holmes-ing for Society News.

THE discovery that shoes for the Roosevelt wedding were made in Lynn was due to a newspaper man. He noticed among the complete descriptions of the trousseau of Miss Roosevelt published in the newspapers a brief description of the slippers. He took this description, says the Boston Globe, to various Lynn manufacturers until he found one who exclaimed: "Why, I made shoes just like that, and I sent them to Washington. But they were not marked for the Roosevelt family." A salesman followed up the shipment and learned that the shoes actually went to the Roosevelt family. Probably to avoid publicity the name of the real buyer of the shoes had been concealed.